FACTSHEET FIVE

The zine of crosscurrents and crosspollination, is brought to you by Mike Gunderloy of 273 Huntington Avenue, Hyde Park, MA 02136; phone (617)-361-1455. This is a Pretzel Press publication, and is intended for direct mailing to various folks. Frequency: irregular. Press run: 75 copies. Begun 29 May 1982. Second issue.

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First person to identify the source of the title wins a year's subscription and other valuable considerations. As no one has been coorect yet, here's HINT #1: Look between Time-Jump and Total Eclipse

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The System, a bulletin board for Strange personal computer owners, is now up and running at 617-361-1455, 11PM to 6AM, at 300 baud. Contact me for more details if you're interested.

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"...I think that Three Mile Island was a case of sabotage, timed precisely to coincide with an anti-nuke demo I attended in San Francisco. It was uncanny the way the organizers of the march seemed to take the news in stride as it came over the transistor radios among us..."

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"...Now the news is the Falkland Islands...Don't Give up the Sheep!"

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THE INTERNATIONAL FLAT EARTH RESEARCH SOCIETY OF COVENANT PEOPLES CHURCH, GEN. 9:16 can be contacted at PO Box 2533, Lancaster, CA 93539. They're somewhat strange, to say the least, but believe in expounding the virtues of independent thought. Mixed in is a bit of conspiracy theory (one recent issue of the Flat Earth News refers to: "the latest Dope Fiend Crime Inc., Nazi-NASA Hoax shuttle" flight) and religious fundamentalist stuff. You can get more info by sending $1 to cover postage (please don't mention my name), and membership is $10 a year and up, but as the current president says: "Starting Jan 1 this year, is much harderto join-susbscribe and receive FLAT EARTH NEWS. Don t want most to receive it, as like JC said most people are more like Dogs or Hogs...and unworthy."(sic)

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"...What are you doing in Massachusetts? Only racists and Democrats live there. Is it true what they say about the driver's licenses there? Is the Atlantic really a different ocean? I've heard that there is supposed to be land on the other side of it; is this true?"

I doubt it.

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THE POLITICAL BIZARRO PARTY, PO Box 14846, Minneapolis, MN, 55414-0846 (Luke T. McGuff, corresponding bozo) puts out a little anarchist/music fanzine called PROPER GANDER. Cover price $1; available for "money, trade, postage, contributions, drugs, records, fun stuff". Reviews, networks, mail art. Interesting.

THE SURREALIST WORKERS PARTY, PO Box 2267, Berkeley, CA 94702 ("we respond to interesting mail", but it doesn't hurt to send postage) puts out a number of things ranging from sick to bizarre to totally incomprehensible. I am fond of their "ALL-STAR BALLOT FRAUD" piece, listing the left-wing winners, and their newsletter TEN THE CAGEY BEE, with it's lead story: "Experts warn: Next Messiah Will Have Six Legs". Good clean fun, directed towards amusement rather than communication.

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THE LIBERTARIAN FUTURIST SOCIETY, Box 14181, Austin, TX 78761, is trying to get more SF fans interested in libertarianism, running the Prometheus Award for best libertarian SF, and planning to put out a newsletter, do outreach at conventions, and so on. Basic membership is $10/year; advisory membership, which also lets you vote for the Prometheus awards, $50/year. It remains to be seen how active this group, just forming, will be, but the initial two mailings seem to have gotten interested responses from quite a few people.

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"FACTSHEET Five. Hmmm. I don't know, but does the title have anything to do with your high school newspaper?"

Sorry, that was the UNDERGROUND PONY EXPRESS. Try again.

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"...The answer to your last two statements is, of course, true/false/maybe/huh. Computers should be favored and opposed as all tools must be--a hammer in our hands is a tool of construction, wealth, peace, etc. A weapon in THEIR hands is the same hammer, but used for obviously evil ends. We should be in favor of private computers and utterly opposed to government computers."

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THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL, No. 39, Vol. 17, is available from The Church of the SubGenius, Box 140306, Dallas, Tx 75214, for $2.50. This is the giant 56-page issue for new members, containing the essential facts about faith in "Bob" and a variety of other mind-shattering stuff. not for the overly timid, those afraid of being ripped off, or religious types; otherwise much recommended. Too jam-packed with stuff to describe., this will freak out your co-workers and make you wonder whether you've missed the "joke"yourself.

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"'Factsheet Five' sounds like 1) A new punkrock group 2)travel itenerary for the Fifth Buddha or 3) 5 employees of a consumer protection agency got arrested and are having the ACLU represent them."

Close, but no cigar.

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CHURCH OF THE LATTER DAY PUNKS #1, c/o Carly Sommerstein, 611 Lawrence Ave, Wakefield, NJ 07090. The cover says "FREE", but if you don't send 40 cents postage you're going to get a nasty note from the editor, who is still in High School and using her lunch money to mail copies. The writing and layout range from bizarre to sophomoric, and if you don't want anything to do with punk rock this ain't for you. On the pther hand, there are signs it may improve to warrant the $4/5 issues subscription price.

MASTER MONOGRAPH Vol. 6 #3, from the First United Cabal of Kallisti, 1210 Brady St. #1, Davenport, Iowa 52803. $1/copy. I admit it, I'm prejudiced (I wrote part of it), but I still think this is an exceptionally fine Discordian fanzine. This issue contains rumours of plots ranging right up to the Immanentizing of the Eschaton, religious nonsense, economics, politics, smut...and its a good source for further contacts within the movement.

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Andrea Chalfin-Antonoff (60 Park St., Burlington, VT 05401) is still running a series of ESP tests open to the general public. The results of the first set are out, and it would appear that there is no significant correlation between the sending and receiving, but there are a number of synchronicities that suggest further investigations. Write to Andrea for more details.

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INSIDE JOKE #10 (40 cents stamps, $1 cash), 418 East Third Avenue Roselle, NJ 07203. This remains one of the most densely-packed fansines in the off-the-wall field. Personally, I'd like more stuff by the editor and less stories from aspiring writers, but Elayne seems to be moving in this direction anyhow. The Staff writers seem to have mostly ruined their minds on dangerous drugs and MAD magazinem, but they're still an interesting bunch. "A newsletter of comedy and creativity". ((Also better typed than this zine.))

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"I don't read too much of that science fiction stuff anymore. I don't have so much spare time and it seems to me that a lot of it is much worse than it used to be. Maybe it's just me, maybe I've been spoiled by having been exposed to honest-to-God literature at last, maybe I've become more elitist; I don't know. Maybe it's just that paperbacks cost three dollars a piece these days and I expect a little bit more. What do you think? What's gone wrong with the world?"

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"As re: a Discordian computer network (or what-have-you), I'm somewhat skittish. Damn CIA's already got bugs in everybody's homes (they put 'em in smoke detectors, don't y'know?), why give the bastards another in? Still, has OM potential I guess. (I keep yelling "C'mon, Illuminati" into the smoke detector)"

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the CRAZY PETE & BEN newsletter (229 Bicknell #104, Santa Monica, CA 90405). What can you say about a fanzine that does laundromat reviews? These gentlemen are not fans, and I hope they never find a convention that I 'm at unless I have lots of drugs. They remind me a bit of ANIMAL HOuSE transplanted to the "Real World". Fun. Available more or less for free, or trade for tennis shoes, clip-on ties, or sex-starved teenage girls.

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Does anyone know why margarine & butter on the West Coast are packaged in different boxes than on the East Coast?

BOOKS WORTH READING (AND MANY OTHERS):

ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION, by Tom Robbins (Ballantine pb, c1971) I guess I'm not a real card-carrying member of the avant-garde, but Tom Robbins' writing strikes me as overly intrusive. He would probably be capable of writing something readable in the third person, but talking to the readers as the first person seems a bit much in a lot of spots. It interfered with the story in this book--at least I think there was a story, but I'm not too sure. Despite these flaws, though, Discordians should be aware that the Law of Fives is right there in the open:

" 'Amanda,' he said, 'when I was in Ceylon I climbed Adam's Peak, a mountain that is sacred to four world faiths. At the summit there is a five-foot depression in the rock. Buddhists believe it to be the footprint of Buddha; Hindus claim it for their god Shiva; Moslems, for Adam; and local Catholics, for St. Thomas. Geologists at the university in Colombo say it is the result of ancient volcanic action. Who do you suppose is right?'

" 'All five, of course,' said Amanda..."

THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT: Notes Of A College Revolutionary, by James Simon Kunen (Avon pb1971) Written by one of the minor players in the 1968 riots at Columbia University. Quite an interesting look at whole the whole thing felt to the rank and file of the "revolution", and some glimpses into the type of person who "led" it. Interesting, but padded out from magazine interviews to a book, and this shows: self-indulgent diarizing and typical teenage "deep" thoughts.

MAN INTO SUPERMAN; R.C.W. Ettinger (Avpn pb 1974): A bit dated already, particularly in the author's assumption of an imminent explosion of interest in cryonics, but still very good. A view of possible directions for the human future, combined with a quite spirited defense of the idea that no one living now need miss all of the fun. I'm not sure I agree with Ettinger in that much of the future progress in his world is based on the idea of improving and modifying the human form, rather than learning to use the present capabilities more effectively, but that's a minor nitpick.

THE MACHINERY OF FREEDOM: Guide to a Radical Capitalism, by David Friedman (Harper Colophon pb, 1973): The author is an agoric libertarian capitalist trying to explain how he believes the system would, and could work. The presentation is very uneven, being in partcollected essays and articles and in part new material. He claims to be an anarchist, but many of the "solutions" involve working through the existing government, and even proposals for new taxes. The ideas of property rights are as muddled as usual for this sort of book. Unlike many other authors, Friedman does tackle the problem of defending an anarcho-libertarian area from foreign agression, and his ideas seem to be a step in the right x direction.

WITHOUT A TRACE, by Background GMBH (Partisan Press pb 1980): A book for anarchists and terrorists, discussing police techniques for catching criminals. Though mainly concentrated on the area of how to avoid being caught, this book also contains some tips for those just interested in protecting their privacy from the government. First published in Switzerland, this book has been reprinted and is now available from Cienfuegos Distribution, in Minneapolis.

SAN DIEGO SIEGE (the Executioner #44), by Don Pendleton (pinnacle pb 1972): Alas, not as good as some of the other books in this series. There's too much attempt to introduce a plot and too little mindless violence & sex. Some classic writing, though:

"'...You pay. I deliver. This is the way.'

"Nolan replied, 'So I'll pay.'

"He reached into the attache case again, but this time his fist came out filled with a big silver pistol, the .44 Automag, and it spoke instantly in a big rolling boom as the magnum missile dissolved the distance between the executioner and his target.

"The Frenchman received his payment at the rail and his head exploded in receipt."

INVISIBLE RAIDERS, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Avon pb 1973): Sanderson works somewhat in the tradition of Charles Fort, but his theories tend to be a little closer to the bounds of accepted science than Fort's were. In this book he deals with various oceanic phenomena --wheels of light, waterspouts, strange creatures and the like--and tries to make a case that UFOs may well be native to this planet; belonging to a civilization under the sea seas of the world. It's presented in a fashion which makes it sound even plausible. I liked this book.

WEDNESDAY THE RABBI GOT WET and THURSDAY THE RABBI (ALMOST) OUT, by Harry Kemelman (Fawcett pb 1976,8): The Rabbi Small series are some of the few mystery novels that I find interesting and a good read. These two are up to the quality levels of the others I've read. Not real deep stuff, and not really enough clues to figure out whodunit, but fast-paced and fun to read. Good for the bathtub.

THE FINAL DEATH (The Destroyer #29), by Richard Sapir and Warren Murphy (Pinnacle pb 1977): As my buddy Frank used to say, these are better than the Executioner series because there's more action and less philosophy. Remo doesn't worry about whether he's doing the right thing or not like Mack Nolan does. These books are funny as hell, loaded with ridiculous ninja-type exercises (Remo sticks himself to the back of a chair by friction and rises three inches off the seat, & like that), and plenty of comical pseudo-Eastern nonsense. No socially redeeming value whatsoever.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE, by Ian Fleming (Signet pb 1965): I think this is the next to last James Bond book, but I'm not sure because I've been reading them in a somewhat random order. Not, in my opinion, as good as most of the earlier books, as the entire story is awash in Fleming's patronizing attitude towards Japanese culture. Some of the interesting weaponry & devices and snobbish ways that are the heart of the style of the earlier books, though of course there is the mandatory exotic female (Kissy Suzuki...of all names). It seems to show quite clearly that Fleming, like Doyle before him, had tired of his hero and was determined to get him out of the way for good.

THE SCARLATTI INHERITANCE, by Robert Ludlum (Dell pb1971): One of Ludlum's first books and not up to his later standards. The intrigue plot has larger holes than usual, the romantic interest is poorly done, and the de la Tour research is boring. Give this one a miss unless it's the only thing you can find.

THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLD, by Lando Riner (Curtis pb1967): Ah, the good old days of science fiction. Breatheable atmosphere on Saturn's moons, a culture that dissolves in plastics before mortals, blatant sexism, and writing Pluto (the planet, not the dog) around like a giant bumper car. A laugh a minute.

THE MIND BROTHERS, by Peter Heath (Magnum pb 1967): The prequel to ASSASSINS FROM TOMORROW! (which was mentioned in the last FF). A computer that programs emotions, a scientist who was too smart for the RAND corp, and a nutcase from 20,000 AD get mixed up in a war between the Tibetans and the Chinese. They also break into CIA HQ without ever being caught, and that's one of the more plausible parts. Very, very low camp, but for some obscure reason this is still in print.

THE GREAT ESCAPE, by Paul Brickhill (Crest pb 1950): One of the most interesting war stories of all times. Lots of useful information if you ever intend to tunnel out of a POW camp. In many other hands this would have been a dull narrative, but Brickhill makes it into a really good adventure story.

NIGHT OF CAMP DAVID, by Fletcher Knebel (Pocket pb 1965): I can understand why the title "SEVEN DAYS IN MAY" is prominent after the author's name. No one would have bought this turkey otherwise. It moves about as fast as a Senate subcommittee, and the ending made me want to throw the book across the room. Of Discordian interest, from page 230, paragraph 5:

"...this morning we're going to review the financing of the Pentagon's classified projects....I see we have twenty-three of them this morning..."

CITY OF IN FIRE, by James Blish (Avon pb 1972): The "Okie" future history story. A lot of interesting ideas, and a lot of "science" of the John W. Campbell, Jr. Caliber, but the writing seems to be only a frame to showcase the ideas, not rather than a coherent story. One almost gets the feeling that Blish kept a card file of ideas, and wrote a new book whenever he got full.

THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH, by Alistair MacLean (Fawcett pb1973): I happen to like just about everything that MacLean has ever written, and this is no exception. The setting of the novel is the Grand Prix racing circuit, and the hero is a driver rather than a detective. Plot twists make think and fast, and the ending is a real page-turner.

A SEPARATE REALITY, by Carlos Castaneda (Pocket pb 1972): The burning question, of course, is "Is it real or a fake?" Well, I don't really think all this stuff actually happened to Castaneda, but I'm willing to believe he spent time with the Yaquis, did some dope, and twisted his mind. Not the "how-to" instructions for self-liberation that it's sometimes claimed as, but interesting nonetheless.

HAIL ERIS! TRANSCRIBED.